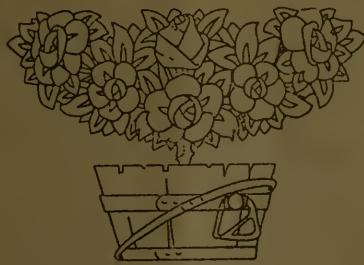


NORMAL HERALD



State Normal School
Indiana, Pa.





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The Normal Herald

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In Memoriam

JANE E. LEONARD

Jane E. Leonard sleeps!

Now and then a woman, through her own merits and superior personality, becomes known and loved by all with whom she comes in contact; her spirit of living radiates beneficence and charm even to those in regions remote. Such a character was Jane E. Leonard.

Miss Leonard devoted the years of her active life to the noble profession of teaching, serving the Normal Schools of Millersville and Indiana. She was called to Indiana as Preceptress and Instructor in English when the school opened in 1875. This position she held until 1921, when she was retired from service with the honor of Preceptress-Emeritus. At this time the authorities offered here a home in the school, and here she lived until her death, April 5.

During her service Miss Leonard knew personally every graduate of the school and hundreds of parents. Her genius comprised not only a skill in teaching but also an individual interest and love in her thousands of students and friends. Her charm and kindly sympathy inspired confidence and touched deeply the springs of conduct. She kept her thoughts fresh and growing. She could look back over the past and at the same time look forward to the future. "To her more than to anyone else, is to be credited what is called 'The Indiana Spirit and Culture.' Inducements came, but to Indiana she remained steadfast, devoted and true, giving to this school the energy and culture and idealism of her life."

Because she lived life hospitably, life was to her a simple, beautiful affair. With her chosen task, her friends, her books, her health and peace of mind, she enriched her canvass. She never missed an opportunity of doing a kindness or speaking a true word or

making a friend. Thus daily she painted her picture of life. And the theme of her painting was light and love. In the background did sunshine sparkle, and waves dance and flowers bloom, and trees point upward to the blue of pearl gray skies.

And this last picture she painted is our precious heritage from Jane E. Leonard, Artist of Living.

For her long days filled full of life and love,
For her the purple twilight, soft and deep,
For her, the simple message from above,
For her the quiet joyfulness of sleep.
For Jane E. Leonard—sleep.

For us choice memory of a teacher, true;
For us high inspiration at day's dawn;
For us calm urge to meet Life's Rendezvous;
For us her torch to carry on!
For Jane E. Leonard sleeps!

—Stella B. Finney.

Miss Jane E. Leonard, aged 83 years, preceptress-emeritus of the Indiana State Normal School and the beloved "Aunt Jane" of the thousands of alumni and students, passed away Saturday night, April 6th, in her apartments at the school. Death came during sleep as she had always hoped it would. There were no evidences of pain on the calm, peaceful features and her passing was that of one "sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approaching the grave as one who draws the draperies of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Miss Leonard had been indisposed on Saturday, but the attending physician said it was but a slight attack of indigestion and that no alarm need be felt. The aged woman, herself, smilingly dismissed the ailment as trifling and prepared herself for repose in her usual equable frame of mind. The time was at hand for the great transition, the earthly work and endeavors had been completed and the rest of the righteous came as the reward of meritorious living. News of her death came as a shock to her many friends and associates and genuine sorrow was expressed from every person in all walks of life. She was

the friend of many and the friendships were firm and lasting.

As an educator Miss Leonard was one of the most widely known and honored in the state. She and her father were born at Leonard, near Clearfield. Leonard's Station, Leonard's Run, the "Leonard House" and the Leonard graded schools are traces of her father and his brothers. On her mother's side she was descended from a line of Quakers from William Penn's time—Quakers who were official members of the first yearly meeting in Philadelphia. Miss Leonard's natal day was December 27, 1840.

The aim and work of her life was that of a teacher. She had spent almost the whole of her adult life in the two leading normal schools of the State, first as a student and then as a teacher in the normal school at Millersville. Later, when the normal school at Indiana was founded, she was called here and here she had remained ever since, holding the office of preceptress as well as acting as instructor. She had seen the school grow gradually, from thirty boarders the first winter of its existence—the winter of 1875—to more than a thousand students now. She looked upon what she did for Indiana as her life's work and the honor and esteem of its students as her life's reward.

Miss Leonard came to the Indiana institution May 18, 1875 and was retired from active service both as preceptress and instructor, July 1, 1921. At that time she was the central figure at an interesting meeting, when, following the saying of many words of affection and esteem, she was accorded the honor of being named as preceptress-emeritis and told that the school should always, if she so desired, be her home. This was Miss Leonard's oft expressed wish and she accepted the honor in her usual gracious way. Her apartments were always the mecca for the students and the returning alumni and her remarkable memory kept the records of the passing years as a well-read book lending pleasure and council to all who sought her. At the time of her death she was making arrangements for attending the annual meeting of the Allegheny County Alumni Association in Pittsburgh and for the commencement season this coming June. Commencement without "Aunt Jane" was not commencement for scores of her boys and girls, but her spirit was there.

Co-incident with her educational accomplishments, but ever given the first place in her life's work, was her devotion to matters religious. Early in life she became connected with the church and for many years she had been a member and active worker in the congregation of the Methodist Episcopal Church here. She attended divine service just a week before her death; in fact seldom missing any service when her health permitted. She was ever mindful of the coming of the Kingdom and her earthly pursuits were so arranged as to be in keeping with the life to come.

Naturally in her position and her life's activities she was prominent in social activities, but never to the detriment of her religion. She was one of the original members and always a faithful supporter of the Ingleside Club, a literary organization of this place. She attended the regular gathering of the Club the Friday before her death and by her wit and humor and her keen interest in the papers and conversation was again, as always, the central figure.

Miss Leonard was a strong adherent of the Democratic party and two years ago was honored with the Democratic nomination for Congress from this district.

The life of "Aunt Jane" was a benediction to the school and to the community. The memory of her will long be revered and the passing years will soften the recollections of one, for whom so much sorrow is now being expressed. There is a gladness too that her life ended when she was in full possession of her faculties, with her mind never so keen and with her associations never so pleasant.

Of her family there remains three sisters: Mrs. Celia Lytle of Glen Ritche, Mrs. Keturah Bowman and Miss Ciara Leonard, both of DuBois. Miss Leonard was an aunt of Dr. John M. Leonard, of Blairsville.

In the stately chapel of the Normal School, in which she had appeared so many times as the central figure on the stage of some religious or school event, or in the seats as a spectator of some school accomplishment, funeral services for "Aunt Jane" were conducted Tuesday afternoon.

"And may there be no sadness of farewell when I put out to sea."

This couplet from Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" might be said to form the text for the funeral services con-

ducted in the chapel of the Indiana State Normal School Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock for Miss Jane E. Leonard, long-time and beloved preceptress of the educational institution. And there was no sadness of farewell. Tears there were, it is true, but there were smiles through the tears, as "Aunt Jane's" friends stood on the shore and waved adieu to the gallant craft as it breasted the breakers and put out to sea for its Port. The perfume from spring flowers, the strains of music and the soft words of the speakers, were coupled with quick, indrawn breaths, but it was a silent emotion and the obsequies were just what Miss Leonard would have desired.

Banked with a grouping of exquisite blooms, the coffin was placed in front of the platform and therein rested the mortal remains of Indiana's first citizen, a peaceful smile on the face and a little bouquet of violets, her favorite flower. Above and to the right hung the oil painting of Miss Leonard, a soft light playing on the features and recalling again and again the wondrous life of the deceased.

In the balcony, garbed in white, were seated a group of Miss Leonard's girls and as beautiful interludes to the remarks on the platform, came the soft swellings of favorite hymns. There was no musical accompaniment, just the voices raised for the last time in honor of the venerable preceptress.

Chapel seats were filled with the friends of the deceased; friends of her educational associates, friends of her literary and historical organizations; friends of social intercourse, and the little group of relatives—all feeling the passing of Miss Leonard so keenly but not expressing the grief aside from tear-dimmed eyes and quivering lips. It was a magnificent tribute to the one who so long had guided the destinies of the school on the hill and who had taken such a prominent part in the life of the community. The floral tributes were marvelous; only a small number of which were in evidence. They were the mute tributes of love from Miss Leonard's boys and girls all over Pennsylvania and other states.

The service continued but a little less than an hour and as they closed came the chiming of the bells, which marked the ending of one class and the opening of another—marked the passing of a beautiful life from this mundane sphere and the opening of a new life in the Kingdom.

The services were opened by the Rev. J. C. Pinkerton, D. D., minister of the First Presbyterian Church, who read a short excerpt from the offices of the dead and offered an invocational prayer. The Rev. Frederick W. Hinitt, D. D., the minister of the First Presbyterian Church, continued the reading of the offices of the dead, made a few brief remarks upon the life works of the deceased and closed with the reading of Tennyson's poem.

The funeral remarks were made by Miss Leonard's pastor, the Rev. Elliott S. White, minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In opening his remarks he read excerpts from a letter received from the Rev. Bennett W. Hutchison, D. D., former pastor of the Indiana Church and a firm friend of Miss Leonard. Excerpts from Dr. White's remarks will be found as the concluding paragraphs of this article.

Following the benediction prayer the audience slowly passed the coffin, viewing for the last time the peaceful features of their friend, and then silently passed from the chapel, the scene of a long to be remembered experience.

The skies were leaden and gray as the funeral cortege left the school Wednesday morning for the last journey.

Students in the Normal and Public Schools formed a Line of Honor, on Tenth Street and with bowed heads paid their last tribute of respect to Miss Leonard. The body was taken over the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh railway to DuBois and from thence to Curwensville. Short services were held preceding the interment in the Curwensville cemetery, a beautiful spot on the top of the mountain.

Dr. White's Remarks

It is fitting at this solemn service that some word should be spoken in appreciation of the sterling worth of one who lived a life so useful, especially of those qualities which adorned and beautified her character.

It would require a volume to tell the story of her life and work. I can mention only a few things which you yourselves already know far better than I do.

Nearly a half century ago, Miss Leonard came to this town and began her work as preceptress in this Normal School. The institution was then at the beginning of its history. Since that day thousands of young people have come under her instruction and care. They learned to re-

spect and love her, for she did not confine her teaching to the books but taught those principles which turned their thinking upward towards life's higher ideals. They found her a true woman and a good friend and went away after their graduation feeling that her life had been an inspiration to them. As I have met them here and there, they have been interested to inquire about Aunt Jane as they call her. Her memory to them is like a fine portrait hung on the wall, to which they turn for inspiration. When I think of the very great number of people who, through her influence, have been encouraged to seek a life that is worthy, I can readily see why she has occupied so conspicuous a place among the educators of our state. A worthy life cannot be measured in its influence for good.

Miss Leonard was an ardent advocate of the moral and religious elements of education. She believed that the Bible, the hymn and prayer were of great value in the training of the mind. In these days, when the thought of so many people has grown misty concerning the real worth of faith it is refreshing to meet with those who have a clear vision of that message of truth which binds earth to heaven. Our way through the world may be dark and uncertain, but the way upward is the way of light. Far-seeing men, in all walks of life are turning back to the old Book as the hope of our civilization.

Jane Leonard was an outstanding member of our community. Her counsels were sought in those enterprises which were designed to make the town a better place in which to live. Her former pupils, as they became men and women of influence, loved to honor their beloved teacher. Their achievements brought her much joy. Who does not have a warm place in his heart for the worthy teachers of his youth. Prophets have been persecuted while teachers through the gratitude of their disciples, have been crowned with laurel. Today as you think of your departed teacher you say that she has gone to receive the crown of life.

Although the career of Miss Leonard reached through many years her interest in passing events did not fail. She was active and enjoyed life to the last. She probably never said that the former days were better than these, but that the best days are yet to come. Browning's message exactly suited her view of life.

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be;

The last of life for which the first was made."

She attained to a cheerful old age, the ardor of youth flowing life a gulf stream into the Arctic region of her life.

Nature gave her a genial disposition and to this was added a refinement of manner and kindness of spirit, which develops only under the influence of Divine grace. With serene confidence of God and the outcome of a loyal life she came to the end of the journey without fear. Faith has its victories on many fields of conquest, but the greatest victory is the last, when a loyal soul faces eternity in full prospect of the life beyond.

In the night time when the curtains of darkness hung low about her, she parted them and her spirit slipped away. There was no moaning of the bar, nor sad farewells, when she put out to sea. But it was not in the night that she sailed.

It was into the radiant morning of the perfect day. We think of the blessed words which sing low within the heart: "There shall be no night there." Then let us be comforted; "The best is yet to be."

Written for the Indiana Evening Gazette, April seven and nine.

Dr. Waller's Letter

AN APPRECIATION

In history, it has been said, great personalities have characterized successive ages in such a sense that a knowledge of their lives and character reveals the important features of their respective periods. Biography is the quintessence of history.

How true it is of Indiana!

Principals have come and gone, faculties have dissolved and been reconstituted, but still there have continued an identity of character and stability of ideals. Appearances may have changed, but essentially Indiana has not, because it has been indissolubly united with Miss Leonard.

She was born in Clearfield County in 1841 when its vast forests were just beginning to fall before the woodsman's ax. Among the sturdy settlers were some of the best families of Pennsylvania. Governors and Senators

were reared among its mountains. The ambitions of the men were shared by the women. It was a period when African slavery was accepted as an established institution, and advocates of national prohibition and of woman suffrage were but voices in the wilderness.

Possessed of vigorous health, an active mind, and a cheerful sympathetic spirit, surrounded by hardy courageous pioneers, Miss Leonard at the age of fifteen began her life work as a teacher in the public schools of her native county. Her desire for special preparation for the work lured her to Millersville, a suburb of Lancaster, where J. P. Wickersham had founded the first Normal School in Pennsylvania, and was attracting attention by his abilities as an educator.

Here her personality and attainments as a student secured for her, upon graduation, a position in the faculty, which she held until 1875, when Dr. Wickersham was appealed to by the Board of Trustees of the new State Normal School at Indiana, Pa., for a preceptress and a teacher of English Literature. He promptly named Miss Leonard.

She accepted her proffered position, and with the ringing of the first bell, entered upon what proved to be her life work. The challenge was congenial to her. She had left a flourishing school that was under the direction of an educational genius, but the support of the remarkable men founding the Indiana School, the consciousness of her own abilities and the vision before her, stimulated her pioneer spirit, though the spacious halls echoed the foot steps of but thirty boarders.

As a teacher she dignified her department and the subject, by her thorough preparation and broad treatment of it. While the indifferent thought her "easy", her digressions were germane to the lesson and stimulating to the studious.

Thousands of those for whom she opened the field of English Literature are thankful for having entered upon it under her guidance.

She entered upon these duties at the age of 34.

The type of womanhood developed in the thousands of girls under her care during fifty years of service is eloquent witness regarding her discharge of the duties in the difficult position of Preceptress.

Not superficial in her interest, remembering the circumstances elicited by careful inquiry, gentle, respecting the personality of each, appreciating the possibilities represented in them, she took them under her protecting wing and made them her friends for life.

Few guests were ever more welcome than was Miss Leonard in their homes.

Great as was Miss Leonard's influence professionally, we remember her with even deeper regard as a woman. Physically strong, mentally alert, temperamentally sympathetic, but considerate in judgment, with fine ideals of life, she was positive in her convictions, and courageous in defending them.

Her rooms were a Mecca not only for students in trouble, but also for teachers, former students and fellow citizens for the range of her interests was wide as the welfare of mankind. Men of note sought her advices and enjoyed her companionship.

But the fact that outshines every other in her long and honorable career, that reveals the secret of her influence, that stills every sigh and forbids every tear is her firm, adoring faith in her Lord, Jesus Christ.

Her gentle voice in the prayer-meeting subdued by her earnestness, whether in addressing the worshippers or the throne of grace, will linger while life lasts in the ears of those who heard her. She had the joy and peace of believing. It moulded her character, beautified her life, and shaped her destiny.

D. J. Waller, Jr.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

MISS JANE E. LEONARD

*Young Women's Christian Association, in the Y. W. Room,
Wednesday Morning, April Nine.*

Scripture Lesson—Twentieth Chapter, John's Gospel.

Short Prayers—Members of the Association.

An Easter Story, "A Handful of Clay", by Henry VanDyke, as read by Miss Stella Finney, was most impressive.

At the close of the story Miss Finney paid a tribute to Miss Leonard, whom we all loved and honored. She took as her theme that lovely story of Hans Christian Andersen, "The Loveliest Rose in the World."

Miss Finney closed her tribute with "Miss Leonard was our rose. She remained steadfast, devoted and true, giving to Indiana the energy and culture and idealism of her life."

The Allegheny Alumni Association

Sunday, May Eleven, Three O'clock

Bellefield Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh

The Alumni Association of Allegheny County held a memorial service for Miss Leonard in the Bellefield Presbyterian Church, Sunday, May 4, 1924.

J. Wood Clark, Chairman of the Association, presided. Addresses were made by Dr. S. C. Schmucker, of West Chester State Normal School, a former teacher of Indiana and a life-long friend of Miss Leonard and by Mrs. H. G. Carmalt, of the University of Pittsburgh, also a former Indiana teacher.

The invocation was asked by Rev. G. T. Reynolds, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. W. A. Berkey of the class of 1902.

"A great soul, deeply, profoundly and unceasingly interested in folks, always and ever she uttered a clarion call to the best that was in us."

On Sunday, May eighteenth, there gathered in the Normal Chapel, students of the school and friends of Jane E. Leonard, who came to say again that her spirit is an ever present urge to things that live beyond the span of human life.

Program

Processional—Abide With Me	Lyric Club
Readings from Students' Book of Prayers—	
At Eventide	Dr. J. A. Lawrence
Eulogy on Jane E. Leonard	Lyric Club
Life Thine Eyes	Miss Hope Stewart
Address—In Memory of Jane E. Leonard	Lyric Club
Recessional—Shadows of Evening	Dr. John A. H. Keith
Benediction	Lyric Club
"Triumphant she passes!"	Dr. J. A. Lawrence

And how should there sound any note of our grieving?"

Miss Stewart, one of those who knew Miss Leonard best, made us understand more fully what Miss Leonard has meant to Indiana during her forty-nine years of service. And, is this service ended? No! "We realize that into the history of Indiana are woven, for generations yet to come, her plans, her ideas, her standards of life."

Miss Stewart closed her address with the following lines, written by Agnes Sligh Turnbull of the class of 1910:

"For one we love to honor, more and more,
 Has kept the faith of spring,
Unto the harvesting;
 Has filled each passing day with golden store;
Has planted gracious service, word and deed;
 Has sown with patience,
 Truth's own precious seed;
And now with love, this day,
 Our tributes we would pay
To her, whose heart is one fair harvest field!
 God bless its yield!"

Dr. Keith, after telling of Miss Leonard as he knew her, said, "And thus she lived among us, cheerful, happy, friendly, sociable, serene, interested, alert and busy until the summons came. Calmly and quietly as she had always wished, she slept her life away. To this unalterable decree we bow in submission, and then thank God that Jane Elizabeth Leonard lived and served at Indiana."

*Sunday Afternoon, June the First, Three O'clock
Normal School Chapel*

Here gathered the alumni of many previous classes, together with the members of this year's class and many friends, to again hear the eulogies pronounced upon Jane E. Leonard.

Hymn—"My Faith Looks Up to Thee"

Scripture Reading and Prayer E. S. White, D. D.

Messages from Dr. Dean, Dr. Waller, Dr. Ament, Dr.

Keith, Mr. M. C. Gordon.

The messages read by Mr. Gordon painted many beautiful pictures of our dear Miss Leonard.

In Dr. Ament's message the closing words were, "Her dear memory will ever be green in the hearts of us all, her myriad friends. Her loss is great, but she left us all a rich legacy in that priceless, precious memory."

To the Alumni:

Each alumnus of the Indiana State Normal School desires an opportunity to express an appreciation of the life and influence of Jane E. Leonard. There are many ways in which this can be done. One of the simplest is for each alumnus to write a short letter addressed to the Indiana State Normal School. These letters can then be bound into a volume or volumes entitled "*In Memory of Jane E. Leonard*" and placed in the Library.

In order that the above may be carried out successfully, there are a few simple requirements that should be observed:

1. Write on paper $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$ inches.
2. Leave a 2 inch margin on the left.
3. Mail in a tube without folding.
4. Do it before Sept. 1, 1924.

We confidently expect that every alumnus who reads these lines will send a letter in appreciation of the life, work, and influence of Jane E. Leonard.

Sincerely yours, JOHN A. H. KEITH.

PROGRAM FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK
Music at the Commencement Exercises

The Commencement season of 1924 was marked by musical events of a high order.

The festivities were opened on Friday evening, May the thirtieth, with a concert by members of the music faculty. Miss Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Bartholomew were heard in charming groups of songs. Miss Wilson contributed the great aria for contralto from Samson and Delila and Mrs. Bartholomew that for soprano from La Tosca, the two being later heard together in the Duet of the Flowers from Madame Butterfly. Miss Washburn accompanied the soloists.

Miss Reinecke gave a brilliant performance of several difficult numbers for piano. The Indiana Trio, consisting of Pearl Reed, violinist; Gladys Washburn, cellist; and Mary St. Clair King, pianist, played a fine trio by Gode. Miss King brought the program to a close with a dignified concert overture for organ.

At the Baccalaureate service on Sunday morning, June the first, the Lyric Club, under the direction of Br. Bartholomew, sang "The Night is Far Spent", by Hewlett-York, and "O for the Wings of a Dove", by Mendelssohn. In the latter anthem, the soprano solo was beautifully sung by Thirza Sutherby of the graduating class.

The Lyric Club contributed three effective numbers to the impressive service in memory of Jane E. Leonard on Sunday afternoon.

At the Commencement exercises on Tuesday morning, June the third, the organization, which is composed largely of Seniors, was heard again in several sprightly selections. The charming Pastoral, by Ruth Sallade, more interesting by being ably conducted by the composer herself, as was the spirited class song, written by Jean Hindman.

ALUMNI MEETING—Saturday morning, May thirty-first, ten o'clock, Normal School Chapel.

SENIOR PARTY—Saturday evening, May the thirty-first, eight o'clock, Recreation Hall.

BACCALAUREATE SERVICE — Sunday morning, June the first, eleven o'clock, First Presbyterian Church.

The baccalaureate address was different in two respects from any previous one in Indiana. Miss Leonard was missing from the academic procession and the school choir whose singing was especially good, wore their new white vestments. Principal Keith introduced the minister, Rev. H. F. Burns of Baltimore as a life long friend.

Text: By faith Abraham when he was called obeyed to go out into a place which he was to receive for an inheritance; and he went out not knowing whither he went.

Abraham as a boy followed the customs of his country but began to question the religion and civilization which he knew. But he could not accept as did his race a God-given revelation that as it was so it is now and must ever be.

Abraham thought, and spoke but his message was not accepted. No man can think and have visions and keep quiet. He went out from his country and neighbors not knowing where, but he knew why.

He had deep convictions and because of these he left the stable structures of Chaldea and began to dwell in tents. He looked for a city whose builder and founder is God. So Socrates with higher ideals than his fellows was killed because he spoke his convictions. Purpose gives power to affect the life about us. Waste iron is apparently useless but if molded into an engine shaft it can drive a mighty ship.

Evolution is founded on truth. Life has been, is now, and will be forever transcending itself. The world is not static; it is moving, growing, changing. It is our opportunity to help direct it in the right direction. The spiritual evolution is from chaos to order, from the material to the spiritual, from the selfish to the unselfish. It is our opportunity to put light where darkness is, to give sweetness for bitterness, to place truth where falsehood is. We must have visions. In Carnegie Museum, above the painting of the toil struggle and smoke of the labor of industry are hovering angels.

Our ideals must contain moral courage, independence of character, the overcoming of hate. Obedience to truth brings success. Listen to the voice of God in your heart. The truth of prophets and martyrs remains a part of the heritage of the ages. Roosevelt said, "I never had a memory for defeat." Defeated men have always been the greatest successes judged by the ages.

The teacher who toils with dull minds and small rewards can endure it only as he sees he is lifting the light a little, is giving some inspiration, and has the heart to look up, giving courage and inspiration. Ramsey McDonald, the new English premier, once said, "This is not the

last year in God's program. I see my own skyline but future generations will see another horizon altogether glorious. We go on in the faith doing what we can to make our generation better, to give more happiness and holiness."

Whatever the age says the ages will receive the contribution of a life which follows these principles.

(L. Alden Marsh.)

MEMORIAL SERVICE, JANE E. LEONARD—Sunday afternoon, June the first, Normal School Chapel.

COMMUNITY SINGING—Sunday evening, June the first, North Campus.

CLASS DAY EXERCISES—Monday morning, June the second, North Campus.

FACULTY RECEPTION—Monday afternoon, June the second, Recreation Hall.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY—Monday evening, June the second, North Campus.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES—Tuesday morning, June the third, ten-thirty o'clock, First Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Carl Wallace Petty, D. D., of the First Baptist Church, Pittsburgh, delivered the commencement address on the subject, "In a New World Without Leaders."

The finest art in all the world is the art of making life. It is fine to write, to paint, to make money, but many do these and make a failure of life. We have done great things industrially as a nation. We have made a great experiment in government. Some of us have a cheap optimism about it as if it could not possibly have the fate of Assyria or Rome or Egypt. We may be degenerating in national character. The scrap heap is possible even in America. We need men that cannot be bought, men whose virtue is above suspicion. We look to you young people to supply integrity.

We have no great leaders outside of finance and industry. Where are the great preachers like Beecher? The prominent preachers are those who have a baseball record and a peculiar vocabulary. In drama we have no Booth or

Keene. Where in music have we any great composer like Beethoven or Mozart? Two hundred and fifty thousand copies of "Yes We Have No Bananas Today" were sold to an appreciative American public. Our popular music is jazz. We all like a little just as we like a little mustard but nobody wants a meal of it. There are plenty of petty politicians seeking to secure special privileges and positions of advantage but we have no great statesmen who tower head and shoulders above their fellows as did Webster, Washington and Lincoln.

We are sending you to teach the young how to LEAD, not how to shoot. If you fail us woe is us.

You must build a spiritual body. There are some important bones in the skeleton of this body. One is the "funny-bone", or a sense of humor. The sense of humor is not a sense of the ridiculous but an appreciation of proportion, the ability to laugh when it would be easier to cry. Humor is needed in the ministry, in the home, by teachers and in business. We could not endure the interference of those who think they know our business without a sense of humor. Use humor in teaching.

You need a backbone, will power, or as they call it in New England, "intestinal fortitude." Such idiosyncrasies as too much powder, bobbed hair and jazz do not hurt. The last generation did the same things but under cover. The present young generation is called the unspanked generation. Parents need more backbone. Our fathers used to discipline their children now they go to the ministers to settle their perplexities.

You need a breastbone to cover the heart and affections. Love, loyalty and respect come from the friendliness of teachers. Children need love. Are you to teach aliens? We must not call them "wops", "dagoes" and "niggers". What are we that we should call anyone an alien? All of our ancestors were aliens. I know how a Jew feels on Ellis Island. You who have a family tree make Americans of these aliens. Use love for these unloved, give like to the unliked. Some "wop" may be President of the United States.

Dr. Petty concluded with the story of a boy traveling alone in a sleeper who courageously said his prayers in the presence of the other passengers. A rough horse jockey said as he removed his hat, "Say, Parson, what has that kid got that we ain't got"?

Don't fail to have what the kid had.

It is impossible to do justice to this excellent address.

Dr. Petty's personality, his own rich sense of humor, his intonation and earnestness, captured his audience from the start. His address was most suitable for young people but the older part of the audience was equally appreciative. Dr. Petty will be very welcome if he ever comes to Indiana again.

(L. Alden Marsh)

ALUMNI DINNER—Tuesday noon, June the third, twelve-thirty o'clock, Normal Refectory.

Five-Minute Speakers

Thomas Sutton, Pres. of Board of Trustees, Toastmaster	
Sarah M. Gallagher	1884
Wallace C. Chapman	1884
Harry Earhart	1899
Ida Sara Kessler Cheitel	1914
Georgiana Work	1924

“The Way to Indiana”

Oh, what's the way to Indiana,
To the Normal School, to the Normal School?
O, what's the way to Indiana,
When spring begins to rule?

Dr. John A. H. Keith Principal

REUNION OF THE CLASS OF '99

Great enthusiasm was displayed by the class of '99 at their twenty-fifth anniversary celebrated during the recent commencement season.

The majority of the class arrived on Friday, May 31. Others coming in later. Old friendships were renewed and reminiscences exchanged during the first evening which was spent resting in the comfortable chairs in the ambulatory.

The first class festivity took place at Camp Rest-a-While, a delightful spot a few miles from Indiana, where thirty-seven grown-ups partook of an excellent chicken din-

ner at noon on Saturday. The afternoon was spent in enjoying the pleasures of this ideal spot, the beauty of which must be seen to be appreciated.

Nothing could be more nearly perfect in all its appointments than the reception tendered to us by the Indiana members of our class at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Earhart Saturday evening. The home was beautifully decorated in the class colors and the enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the serving of a bountiful repast.

During the reception for the Senior members of the class, the Junior '99'ers were entertained at a theater party after which they came to the Earhart home to partake of the delicious refreshments.

The baccalaureate sermon was in the Presbyterian Church on Sunday morning and in the afternoon the class honored the memory of our dear Miss Leonard by attending the Memorial Services in a body.

A beautiful pageant was given in Recreation Hall on Monday morning by the Senior class and made the '99'ers wish that such entertainments had been popular in their day.

The climax was reached at the Alumni dinner where more enthusiasm than ever was displayed. The beautifully decorated table was admired by all who entered the dining room. The class colors were carried out by little glass baskets filled with buttercups and large vases of dogwood. Gold balloons completed the table decorations while all the class members wore the "Daisy", our class flower.

After the dinner the class dispersed with hopes kindled in their hearts for a more enthusiastic reunion than ever five years hence.

Our loyalty and devotion to our Alma Mater cannot be better expressed than the following toast given by our classmate, Caroline Cronemeyer Spalding:

Oh, Indiana, our Alma Mater,
To you we bring a loyalty undimmed by years;
As faithful sons and loving daughters,
Our hearts are yours, through joy and tears.
One hundred one we were, with colors of gold and
white,
While the golden hearted daisy
Made our pathway happy and bright.
Not all were noted for brilliancy,

But our hearts were good and true;
True to each other and true to the school,
True to the faculty, that was our rule;
And while we have not yet scaled the heights
Still less have we lost in the race,
For "Rowing, not Drifting", our motto is still
As each one makes good in his place.
We were young then, we are young now,
Though gray hairs show here and there,
For we carry a pattern within our hearts
Which all the alumni share.
For she to whom all hearts bow in tribute today
Was ever young with the young and gay with the gay;
And so as we journey on through the years,
We pray Providence us will send
As to our dearly beloved and honored Miss Leonard,
A youthful spirit right up to the end.

REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1914

After ten years, about fifty members of the class of 1914 returned to celebrate their first reunion. They came from all parts of Pennsylvania and many other states of the Union.

With eagerness we inquired about our absent classmates and our joy was mingled with sorrow as we learned of the deaths of Wilda Adams, June Swan, Alice McCreary, and Howard King. Although distance prevented some of the members of the class from joining us, their thoughts were with us.

Interesting letters were read from Miss Edna Smith, Miss Margaret Moore and Mrs. Cogswell, former members of the faculty and also Amanda Renard Johnson, Ruth Forry Kissane and Homer Laudenslager.

We were all so delighted to see the many changes and improvements about the school since our graduation.

About twenty members of the class who remained here for the week celebrated at breakfast Tuesday morning at the new tea room near Sharkey's. We enjoyed recalling some of the incidents of the past and giving our class yells.

The commencement festivities ended with a beautiful banquet in the refectory at which our class was ably rep-

resented by Mrs. S. J. Cheitel (Sara Kessler) who gave the following toast:

Mr. Toastmaster, Members of the Faculty, Members of the Alumni, Class of 1924, Friends: In behalf of the class of 1914, I extend to you my heartiest greetings.

Ten years have elapsed since we said farewell to our Alma Mater. Yet, classmates, does it not seem but yesterday when we first stepped on to the beautiful campus, with its wealth of fall flowers and shady trees and stood in stately array to welcome us.

Reminiscences—what a fuss! what a flutter! what tears
and what sighs

Prevailed 'mongst the girlies that day.
One said, "It is lovely, I'll like it I know."
The other said, "Oh, I can't stay!"

At first, we were homesick,
Discouraged and blue,
Ere long though the attitude changed.
The rooms all fixed up
Surroundings so new
Preliminaries finally arranged.

Then on with the classes,
The games and the sports,
Accompanied with spirit so fine
E'en in "Rec" Hall with dear chaperons about
Stole a measure of "Tango" sublime.

The dance we're aware,
Had its joys and its pain,
When the sweet little maid stood alone,
Awaiting, alonging for one dance,
With the gay and fickle young swain.

But the time came too soon
When all this was o'er.
We stood facing the future—so dim—
Life beckoned us on our work to fulfill,
With reluctance we turned from the door.
To Indiana, our dear Alma Mater we come,
To reminisce o'er those glad days of yore.
What a privilege this is to be here once again!
May we hope for this privilege once more?

I cannot refrain from mentioning with deep reverence, that dear little mother of our class-family, who meant so much to all of us here. How sad we all feel that she is not in our midst today. How we miss her queenly countenance. Would we not be made up of poor material, if we failed to be inspired to uphold the noble ideals which she taught us. How much we owe to her! We can only show our gratitude to her in serving humanity as unselfishly as she did, and by aiming to follow her splendid example of ideal womanhood.

DEATHS

Died, March 18, 1924, after an operation at the General Hospital, Braddock, Pa., Wilda Adams Deal, wife of John C. Deal. She leaves her husband and a six year old son.

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Miss Sophia C. Reinecke, '87, died Sunday in her home, 251 Dickson Avenue, Ben Avon. For a number of years Miss Reinecke has been a teacher in the Manchester School, Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * * *

Miss Florence Marie Barclay, '14, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Barclay, died at her home in Punxsutawney, Thursday afternoon, June 6, after an illness of 14 days. The cause of her death was pneumonia, following an attack of influenza.

* * * *

Washington, May 12—Funeral services, attended by President and Mrs. Coolidge, cabinet members and their wives, and a small group of friends, were held at the White House today for Mrs. Hubert Work, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, who died suddenly here Friday. Services were held in the East room by Rev. Wallace Radcliffe, pastor emeritus of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church here, which Mrs. Work attended. Members of the cabinet were honorary pallbearers, and burial was in Arlington National cemetery. President and Mrs. Coolidge also attended at the cemetery. Dr. Work is a native of Indiana County, and attended the Normal School before he took up his college work. Dr. and Mrs. Work were intimate friends of Miss Leonard and always visited the school when in the East.

The following is taken from "The Collegian", the weekly paper published by the College of the City of Detroit, Michigan:

"The death of Mr. Jacob Brown, '05, Chemistry instructor, on Wednesday, March 26, plunged City College into deep gloom when the news reached the school Thursday morning. He died at Grace Hospital, following a serious operation. Mr. Brown was one of the best known and best liked instructors on the entire faculty. He had been a teacher in the Chemistry Department ever since Detroit Junior College was started in 1914, and previous to this he had been a member of the faculty of Central High School. His death came as a profound shock to the students as well as to fellow instructors. The many students who came in contact with Mr. Brown always had reason to feel that to them he was more than an instructor—he was a friend. His interest in students as individuals went much farther than the teaching of chemistry. He understood their problems and was able to offer sympathy and advice when sympathy and advice were needed. Mr. Brown, after leaving Indiana, attended the University of Michigan, receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree in 1913, and his Master of Arts in 1915. He is survived by his wife and two children, Martha Jean and Mary Louise.

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On Thursday, January 24, 1924, Ida Opperman Wenzel, '04, wife of Harmar D. Wenzel, died in a Pittsburgh hospital following an operation. Mrs. Wenzel was taken ill very suddenly on Saturday. On Friday she had been with her friends of the 1904 class. They were making plans for their twentieth reunion at Indiana in June.

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Carrie Long Brady, '04, of Brookville, died at the home of her parents, 360 Main Street, on Sunday, March 25, 1923, after an illness of over a year.

* * * *

Word was received June 30, of the death of Miss Marion E. Christy, '96, at her home, 1309 Bath Street, Santa Barbara, California. She had been ill for several months. Miss Christy lived in Indiana, Pa., until 1903, when she removed with her parents to Santa Barbara. She leaves three sisters, Miss Katheryn S. Christy, '88; Miss Mary S. Christy, and Mrs. H. H. McCreery, '79, of Berkeley, California, and a brother, Walter J. Christy, of Pittsburgh.

The sudden death of Rev. Samuel T. Lewis, 1880, of Osceola Mills Saturday evening, February 2, came as a shock to his many friends. He had been in his usual health until Saturday afternoon when he suffered a stroke of paralysis from which he died that evening. He had been pastor of the Osceola Mills Presbyterian Church for thirty-two years. He was a graduate of the Indiana Normal School, of Washington and Jefferson College, class of 1885, and of the Western Theological Seminary in the class of 1888.

* * * *

Sad news, indeed, for the students and faculty of the Normal School was the passing of Milton Laney—"Laney" as he was known to students—on March 17th. So long had he been a part of daily life at the Normal, that his death seemed unbelievable. For the last forty years, Mr. and Mrs. Laney have lived in Indiana. During these forty years there has gone out with the students of Indiana a memory of "Laney" intent upon his various duties about the school. His is a record rarely achieved, for in all his years of service, not once did he fail in the accomplishment of an appointed task.

One of these tasks was the ringing of the rising bell. "That bell", the Principal had said, "is Mr. Laney's bell, and he shall ring it as long as he lives." Day by day, rain or shine, as regular as the stroke of the clock, came the sound of "Laney's" bell. And those who knew him best remembered that it was his custom to repeat the Twenty-third Psalm as he went about this morning task.

"The Lord is my shepherd—" in this creed he believed, and true to this creed he lived, a faithful worker, living a sublime and simple truth.

Funeral services were conducted at the family home on Oakland avenue, March 19, at two o'clock, by Rev. J. C. Pinkerton, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. The body was laid to rest in Oakland cemetery.

The book of "Laney's" life is closed; in the memory of his family and friends of Indiana, students and teachers, it is a volume of praise and service.

